

Tennessee has a new dog law which is unsatisfactory both to dog-owners and dog-haters. It provides that the dog must be kept upon the owner's premises, exceptions to the rule, however, being animals used in the hunt or in driving stock, and those upon which the owner has paid a license of one dollar, "taking a receipt therefor." Sheep owners ask, sneeringly, if a receipt in the dog-owner's pocket will prevent the beast from traveling abroad at night and breaking into the sheepfold, while the possessors of dogs, having always been accustomed to perfect liberty in the matter of such ownership, and many of them having a horde of hounds about their premises, are grumbling loudly over the restrictions. To chain them up is a proceeding they refuse to consider, and they object with equal vehemence to paying a license for their animals, in order to insure them freedom of movement. As a matter of course, too, each and every dog-owner is positive that his dogs are innocent of all sheep-killing propensities. The fact of the matter probably is that no dog, however well bred and well trained he may be, and however circumspect his ordinary behavior, but is subject to temptation when

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling was one of the editors of the South African paper, published by correspondents for their own

Stephen Phillips, the poet, is a Cambridge University man, but never graduated. He won a scholarship, but at the desire of his cousin, Frank Benson, the Shakespearean actor, he forsook the university for the stage, against his family's wishes.

When Mr. Rudyard Kipling was asked at Cape Town the other day if he was en-

"But," she said, "this butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter;
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my batter better."
So she bought a bit o' butter
Better than the bitter butter.
And made her batter better, better,
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

—Montreal Star.

The fools have done more harm in this world than the knaves, as you can very well see in Adam's case. For why? Because there are more of them and they are much more crafty, too. You have just noticed that if you cast any particular sin upon your parents, you are sure to find it in your own. And, besides, one of the most unfortunate things that ever happened, Mrs. Hatherley, is that

too tender-hearted to kill a chicken, but wanting the chicken for dinner and pressed for time, she picked the chick alive and then waited for her husband come home to kill it. The story has been doubted. It was told the Globe by J. Woodhouse, so prominent a member Trinity Church that he often conducts services, and is known as Father John.